AN
ODE.

Occaſion'd by Rejecting the

PROPOSAL

For Erecting A

Statue of King *William* III.

In the CITY of *LONDON*;

And by its being Receiv'd in the Cities of Bristol and Dublin.

DEDICATED TO

Sir NICHOLAS WILLIAMS, *Bart.*
Member of Parliament for the County of Carmarthen.

——————— *manibus date lilia plenis;*
Purpureos ſpargam flores, animamque Wilhelmi
His ſaltèm accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere. ———————

Per ambages Deorumq; miniſteria, & per fabuloſum ſententiarum tormentum præcipitandus eſt liber Spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religioſæ orationis ſub teſtibus fides. Petron. Arbiter.

L O N D O N,

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LONDON

ST. NICHOLAS WILLIAMS, Esq.

DEDICATED TO

AND DUBLIN

IN THE CITY OF BRISTOL

STATUE OF KING WILLIAM III.

FOR ERECTING A

PROPOSAL

OCCASIONED BY ERECTING THE

ODE.

TO

Sir Nicholas Williams, *Bart.*

SIR,

YOU cannot be ſurpriz'd at receiving any Addreſſes of this Nature; They are little Homages or Marks of Reſpect due to Superior Merit and Vertue: The MUSES have their Eyes always open to the Actions of Mankind, to fix them for the Benefit of Society in that Claſs of Fame they deſerve: —— Praiſe, tho' it will always follow good Actions, is not indeed agreeable to Perſons who are truly Great: To ſuch there is, in the moſt juſt Praiſe, ſomething that bears the Appearance of Reproach: This may not be underſtood, perhaps, by the Majority of Mankind, yet will be eaſily apprehended by thoſe, who with the Advantages of Great Vertue, and Underſtanding, have arriv'd to a delicate Diſſatisfaction in the Opinons they entertain of their own Actions, however Noble and Generous they are eſteem'd to be amongſt Mankind: Yet, I own, Sir, I had rather offer ſome Violence to You, by giving Your Character to the World, than by avoiding to do a Thing that would be diſagreeable to Yourſelf, deprive the Age of a Shi-

ning

ning Pattern of Life which it ſeems to want: But the Memory of That will ſubſiſt by its own Strength, and the Deſign itſelf would be attended with ſo much Difficulty, that I chuſe rather to leave it to ſome abler Hand; to enter into the Character of a Perſon who appears to equal Advantage in Publick and Private Life; who in the former purſues a conſtant Courſe of Generous Actions: who in the latter is diſtinguiſh'd by a Nice Taſte of Friendſhip, Good Humour, and Refin'd Converſation: To do this, I ſay, there is a very large Share of Capacity and Judgment requir'd: I ſhall therefore only make Uſe of this Opportunity in joining Publickly with the ſincere Wiſhes of that County You Repreſent; (a County that has always made a conſiderable Figure in the ANNALS of *Great Britain.*)

May You long live poſſeſs'd of all the Honours She can Confer upon You, to ſupport by the ſame Steadineſs of Action that has ſo Juſtly entitled You to the Praiſe of Mankind, Her Deareſt Intereſts and Reputation.

I am, *SIR*,

Your Moſt Humble Servant.

AN

AN ODE.

I.

RISE, Lawrel'd Shade, from Peaceful Seats,
Where happy Saints and Patriot Kings,
Freed from the Fate of tranſitory Things,
An endleſs Courſe of Glory ſhare;
Where Chiefs, who once in human Arts excell'd,
Fam'd in the glorious Hazards of the Field,
To guide the raging Storms of War,
Enjoy divine Repoſe and bleſt Retreats:
From thence *Immortal* NASSAU riſe,
And to thy own *Britannia* turn thine Eyes;
When ſhe prefers her Suppliant Prayer,
Shall *Naſſau* not incline his Ear?
Naſſau, who nobly prodigal of Breath,
Thro' charging Millions, and thro' Fields of Death,

By *Sambre* and the *Boyne*'s illuſtrious Stream,
Led forth her willing Sons to Fame,
Invoking thy lamented Shade,
To Thee ſhe lifts her mournful Head,
And whilſt ſhe works the toiling Strings,
With equal Joy and Grief ſhe Sings.

II.

How hard a Fate, th' Imperial Goddeſs cries,
Attends the Actions of the Brave and Wiſe!
Great Chiefs, to nobler Toils of Empire born,
Who long with tutelary Arms have ſtood
To guard their injur'd Rights, and bath'd their Breaſts (with Blood.
Perſu'd by Rage and envious Scorn,
Loſe the ſmall Gifts aſſign'd by Fate,
To crown the Labours of the Great;
For all that Partial Heaven allows,
A Scene of glorious Life to cloſe,
Are only large Returns of uſeleſs Fame,
Unfading Lawrels, and an endleſs Name.

III.

Thus plung'd in riſing Griefs, the Goddeſs ſtood,
And, with her falling Tears, increas'd her ambient Flood;
For as, emerging from the Deeps of late,
Above her azure Seas ſhe ſate,

Swift o'er the Paths of Time ſhe turns behind,
And with remoter Glories feeds her Mind;
Each happier Birth of paſt or future Years,
Around with graceful Pride appears:
Before her ſearching Eyes
Tumults and Fields of War ariſe;
Here God-like Chiefs to Battle lead,
Whilſt *Creſſy* riſes on her bord'ring Flood,
And *Gallia*'s Enſigns, ſtain'd with Blood;
With Scenes of routed Arms, and Heaps of Dead;
There ſtand polluted *Salem*'s Tow'rs,
With hoſtile Creſcents fill'd, and *Aſia*'s Pow'rs:
In vain, in vain, ye Misbelieving Race,
Ye try to guard the Sacred Place;
Lo! from the *North*'s cold Loins a fav'rite Band!
Deſign'd by Heav'n to raiſe the drooping Land;
Britannia's Heroes take the Field,
And *Aſia*'s Arms to *Britain*'s Genius yield.

IV.

Thence, as to later Times ſhe turns,
And with ſucceeding Scenes of Glory burns,
Diſpos'd amongſt the Lifts of Fame,
She fix'd on Mighty *William*'s deathleſs Name;
She ſees around the illuſtrious Dead
A fairer Train of Triumphs ſpread:

Here

Here tented Fields ariſe, and banner'd Hoſts,
Proud *Flandria*'s Plains, and barren *Belgia*'s Coaſts;
There to the ſweetly-ſounding Lyre,
Ierne ſings the Glories of the *Boyne*;
Confed'rate Realms with equal Praiſes join,
Whilſt *William*'s Deeds the flowing Notes inſpire:
Amidſt the brighten'd Place
The grateful Olive ſpreads a gentler Grace;
To crown fair *Peace*'s ſmiling Train,
Gay *Liberty* reſtor'd, adorns the Plain:
Around aſſembling Senates wait,
And of juſt Laws for *Publick Good* debate:
The late Effects of lawleſs Pow'r bemoan,
And on a nobler Baſis fix the *Britiſh* Throne.

V.

Hail, grateful Scenes! the Goddeſs cries!
A circling Train of Pleaſures riſe:
Plenty and Peace their blooming Sweets unfold,
And whiter Æras deck their Plumes with Gold;
Eſtabliſh'd Joy and Freedom ſmile,
That ſhall to lateſt Ages crown my Iſle.
See! around the Hero's Head
A Blaze of ſtreaming Glories ſpread;
Happy Shade! whoſe Deeds afford
An endleſs Beauty to thy Name;

Who

Who by Liberty reſtor'd,
Haſt choſe the nobleſt Path to Fame:
Glory crowns the Chief, whoſe Paſſion
Follows Victory and Blood,
But the King who ſaves a Nation,
Is at once both Great and Good;
And of all that Bright appears,
Atchiev'd by NASSAU's Councils or his Wars,
Freedom convey'd to future Ages down,
Shall bind the faireſt Wreaths in WILLIAM's Crown.

VI.

Immortal Bards! whoſe potent Song
Can the ſmall Terms of Life by Fame prolong,
Prophets! whoſe raptur'd Boſoms ſwell
With melting Strains and heavenly Airs,
To kindle Joys, or eaſe perplexing Cares;
Who climbing up to bleſt Abodes,
With Deeds of Heroes, or the Births of Gods,
Adorn the deathleſs Page, and touch the Shell;
Begin again the Song, and ſtrike the Lyre,
Let WILLIAM's Name a nobler Strain inſpire!
Turn to Mighty WILLIAM's Story;
Hand it down to Years to come,
Deck'd with blazing Beams of Glory,
Safe from *Time*'s oblivious Tomb;

By the ruling Will of Heaven
To the impartial Muſe 'tis giv'n,
The Force and Rage of Death to tame;
For when theſe earthly Seats the Hero quits,
And to the Tyrant's Stroke ſubmits;
Upon th' expiring Patriot's Herſe
She pours the Magic Charms of Verſe,
And raiſes up the Chief to live in Fame.

VII.

But can Great NASSAU's Deeds forgotten lie?
Can WILLIAM's blazing Story die?
With Battles, Sieges, cover'd round,
And never-fading Lawrels crown'd,
With Trophies grac'd, acquir'd by prudent Cares,
The ſmiling Fruits of Peace, or Gifts of Wars;
No! when the Page conſumes in Fires,
Which the Bard writes, and heavenly Muſe inſpires,
When the proud Dome and tow'ring Column rais'd
By ſage *Vitruvius*, or *Palladio*'s Art,
For equal Strength and Beauty prais'd,
With Nature's failing Work depart;
The Wreath that circles NASSAU's Brow,
No Change of Bloom by Time ſhall know,
But ſafe amidſt the gen'ral Wreck be ſeen,
With glowing Beauty and perpetu'al Green.

VIII. But

VIII.

But tho' preſery'd from Time's devouring Rage,
His Fame ſhall ſtand beyond the lateſt Age;
Nor wants what Art and Verſe can give,
A nobler Bloom to raiſe, and make it live;
Yet, to the mighty Hero's Shade
Be grateful *Britain*'s Honours paid;
His Buſt erected by the thankful Land,
Aloft in figur'd Braſs or Stone ſhall ſtand;
(The leaſt Return that *Britain* owes
From adverſe Arms preſery'd, and civil Foes;)
So ſhall the future Bard together ſing,
How Grateful was the Land, how Great the KING.

IX.

The Goddeſs ſpoke, and turn'd her radiant Eyes,
Where proud *Auguſta*'s lofty Tow'rs ariſe;
The Great Decree *Auguſta* heard,
And ſwift, to execute her Word, prepar'd,
To her aſſembling Sons the Law declares,
And fires the liſt'ning Crowds with NASSAU's Wars;
Relates his num'rous Toils for *Britain* born,
And tells what Honours muſt attend his Urn.
In vain, for lo! her juſt Commands
A thankleſs Line and ſervile Race withſtands;

And,

And, can thy Sons, *Imperial Thames!*
Whilſt *Boyne* and *Sambre* roll their mazy Streams,
Forget how oft in *Britain*'s Cauſe he ſtood,
Enclos'd with hoſtile Arms, and red with Blood?
But what Beneficence can bind
Th' Ungen'rous and Ungrateful Mind?

X.

Conſcious of its meaner Birth,
Envy ſtill grovels round its native Earth,
And with its poiſonous Breath purſues
Alike the Lawrel'd Hero and the Muſe;
But Gen'rous Vertue nobler Labours tries,
And faſt in Search of Arts and Empires flies,
Or ſeeks with tow'ring Wings thro' Starry Roads
Remoter Manſions, and Divine Abodes;
Where, whilſt her Parent Gods her Glories crown,
She looks on Earth with Kindling Pleaſure down,
And ſees the Fiend for equal Labours ſtrain;
Try o'er her daring Flights with fruitleſs Pain,
And turn reluctant back and rage again.

XI.

But what an envious Tribe denies
To NASSAU's Fame, a grateful Race ſupplies:
A Race

A Race for Civil Arts and Commerce fam'd,
And in the nobler Toils of War untam'd;
Hail, Envy'd Town! near whom *Sabrina* glides,
And to the Sea remits her foaming Tides;
Faireſt of all that crown her winding Coaſt,
Auguſta's Rival, and *Britannia*'s Boaſt,
Hear what the Pow'rs of Verſe decree,
Nor think the Debt requir'd by Fame
To Royal *William*'s honour'd Name,
Shall to the lateſt Age be loſt to Thee;
The Stone deſign'd for *Naſſau*'s Buſt,
Shall to thy Fame alike be juſt;
His Deeds a nobler Blaze to thine ſhall give,
And with his Trophies join'd, thy own ſhall live.

XII.

Ierne's Name along with thine,
Who pays her Debt to *William*'s Shade,
Shall in the Rolls of Glory ſhine,
And be with thee in equal Ballance laid:
Enrag'd his ſlighted Fame to ſee,
She vies in due Returns of Thanks with thee;
Tho' Chiefs a Share of endleſs Honour gain,
By routed Armies chas'd, and Squadrons ſlain,
He who in Gratitude to vanquiſh tries,
Obtains as green a Palm, as large a Prize.

XIII.

When Tow'rs and mould'ring Buſts decay,
When thoſe which ye proud Cities rear
To NASSAU, ſhall no more appear,
But paſs with cloſing Time away;
The Muſe to guard this grateful Deed,
Round the recording Page her Wings ſhall ſpread,
And thro' the trackleſs Space of Air
To Heav'n th' Immortal Trophy bear,
To blaze aloft Illuſtrious, Fair, and Great,
Amongſt the Deeds of Saints enroll'd,
By *Seraphs*, *Vertues*, *Thrones* for ever told,
Secur'd from Envy and the Rage of Fate.

XIV.

This grateful Act on Earth to crown,
May Fortune on your Toils diſpenſe her Bleſſings down;
May all thoſe Realms the *Sun* ſurveys
Betwixt his *Orient* Point, and *Weſtern* Seas,
With crowded Navys fill your Coaſts,
Fraught with the richeſt Gifts that Nature boaſts;
For you her nobleſt Gems ſhall *Ophir* ſpare,
Affrick her Spicy Drugs prepare;
Thy Hills, *Potoſi*, ſend their Silver Stores,
And purer Gold be brought from *Peru's* Shores;

Whilſt

Whilſt Heav'n ſhall ſerve your ſwelling Sails
With gentle Moons, and prolp'rous Gales,
And peaceful Commerce guide her Wings
To diſtant Climes, and Earth's remoteſt Kings,
To make the wide-extended Globe your own,
As far as Seas are ſpread, or *William* known.

XV.

Artiſts! deſign'd his Figure to retrieve,
And make the riſing Chief in Sculpture live;
With graceful Eaſe compleat the whole Deſign,
But dwell with prudent Care on ev'ry Line:
High let the Column riſe in Air,
Deſign'd Immortal WILLIAM's Form to bear;
Around its pond'rous Baſe expreſs
His Deeds perform'd in War or Peace;
To feaſt the pleas'd Spectators Eyes
Let dreadful Forms of Battle riſe:
Here place the *Sambre*'s foaming Flood
Impetuous rolling on, and ſtain'd with *Gallic* Blood;
Let *Namur* there, the Pride of *Flandria*'s Land,
Aloft upon her proud Foundations ſtand;
Around let Death and Horror reign,
And fill with ſlaughter'd Chiefs the glowing Scene:
Here tented Fields deſign, and *Albion*'s Pow'rs,
There Domes deface'd, and tumbling Tow'rs;

And carve the lab'ring Earth below,
Let Clouds of Smoke obſcure the Skies,
Flaming Storms and Thunders riſe,
And ſweep aloft in Air the Foe;
Show proud *Ierne*'s fruitful Fields
The horrid Pomp of War to join,
Cover'd with Burniſh'd Helms, and Gleaming Shields;
Amidſt diſpoſe the winding *Boyne*;
Beneath let *Gallia*'s Genius laid
Recline on Earth his drooping Head,
And mourn amongſt his Heroes ſlain
Succeſleſs Toils, and Battles fought in vain.

XVI.

Let *Gallia*'s Bards with ſoothing Airs
Around him ſeem to calm his growing Cares,
Muſick the Force of Woe can bind,
Diſpel the freezing Glooms of Age,
Can baniſh Doubt, and ſoften rage,
And change by gentle Charms the melancholy Mind:
No, *Boileau*, No! in vain the Lyre,
And Magic Numbers join'd, conſpire,
(Tho' all the Pow'rs of Art you chuſe,
And Heav'n informs the Vocal Muſe.)
To ſooth his Cares, and eaſe his Pain;
Soon as the Notes his yielding Griefs deceive,

The

The Thoughts of *Namur* loſt, and *Boyne* revive,
And haunt his troubl'd Mind again;
He ſadly caſts his mournful Eyes around,
And grieves afreſh, and ſickens o'er the Sound.

XVII.

Heroes whom Heav'n with NASSAU gave
Britannia's drooping Sons to ſave,
Grown old in Wars, and in ripe Fame,
Shall viſit oft the Buſt, deſign'd for WILLIAM's Name;
And pointing to th' Hiſtoric Piece beneath,
With Scenes of Battles wrought, and Works of Death,
Here, here th' Immortal Leader ſtood,
With Hoſtile Arms beſet, and ſtain'd with Blood;
Plac'd aloft on yonder Ground,
The Courſe of raging War to guide,
He pour'd his burning Tempeſts round,
To blaſt the *Gallic* Hoſt, and *Namur*'s Pride:
There his beaming Helm appear'd,
With Smoke and Flame around him ſpread,
Mix'd with the Rout of War, and Heaps of Dead,
And loud his raging Voice was heard,
Namur's Falling Glory dies,
Brittons fir'd by WILLIAM's Name,
To Foreign Toils, and Fields of Fame,
Haſte, and ſeize the Beauteous Prize;

Fate and Fortune crown the Brave,
Pleas'd the Deſpairing Daſtard to Enſlave.

XVIII.

The *Britiſh* Youth for future Empire born
Shall oft admire the curious Piece,
Deſign'd his Patriot Labours to expreſs,
And Lawrel'd WILLIAM's *Buſt* adorn,
And whilſt with gen'rous Love of Glory fir'd
They find their panting Breaſts inſpir'd,
In Thought ſhall roam o'er various Soils
In Search of Fame by nobler Toils,
Now on proud *Aſia*'s ſunny Coaſts
With warmer Suns, and *Southern* Gales,
To ſwell aloft the *Britiſh* Sails,
Engage with barb'rous Arms, and moony Hoſts;
Or to the Winds the Canvas ſpread,
To blaſt the falſe *Iberian*'s Head;
Or the proud Foe on *Gallia*'s Confines drive,
And by ſucceſsful Wars, and Fields of Slain,
The Fights of *Creſſy*, *Boyne*, and *Namur*'s Plain,
And Deeds of Heroes paſt revive,
Till the young Patriots ripe in Manhood grown,
Defend with filial Arms their Parent Throne;

XIX.

Let WILLIAM's Buſt aloft diſplay'd
High on its tow'ring Column ſtand,
With Enſigns of ſupreme Command,
And Martial Majeſty array'd,
Around to grace the Hero's Head,
The circling Wreath of Lawrel ſpread;
Place in his Brandiſh'd Arm the Shafts of *Jove*,
Marks of Imperial Pow'r, to ſhow,
That as he rul'd the Starry Frames above,
WILLIAM commanded this below.

XX.

The Work thus rais'd ſhall vanquiſh Envy's Rage,
And triumph o'er the vain Attacks of Age;
And grateful *Britain*'s and *Ierne*'s Name
Along with Mighty NASSAU's Deeds proclaim,
But ſwift to blaſt a thankleſs Race,
To dark Oblivion's ſilent Womb
Commit *Auguſta*'s laſt Diſgrace,
Preſerv'd from *Britain*'s Sons to come;
If ought the hated Act exceeds
Great NASSAU's ſacred Name deſign'd to ſtain,
Or ought in *Britain*'s Annals ſhould remain
To cloud ſome ſuff'ring Hero's Deeds;

Let

Let the juſt Muſe her faithful Glaſs diſplay,
And ſnatch the Injurious Page away;
So ſhall the Chiefs, bright Stars of Glory! blaze
With Social Beams on *Britain*'s Iſle;
Again ſhall ſpread their friendly Rays,
And *Churchill* join'd with NASSAU ſmile.

XXI.

Heroic Shades! *Britannia*'s Boaſt!
The haughty *Gaul*'s and proud *Iberians* dread!
By gen'rous Thirſt of Honour led,
Her Lawrels to redeem, and Glories loſt,
Watch o'er her State with conſtant Care,
In the ſoft Calms of Peace or Storms of War:
Her Nobleſt Hero join'd by NASSAU's Side
The pleaſing Labour ſhall with Both divide;
Plac'd in Cœleſtial Seats on high
He ſtands diſcover'd to the Muſe's Eye,
The laſt whom *Albion*'s Sons bemoan,
Who to poſſeſs divine Abodes,
Relinquiſh'd mournful *Britain*'s Throne,
And mix'd for ever with his Kindred Gods:
See the Royal Hero ſmile!
And fix his Looks on *Britain*'s Iſle:

Long

Long may the SACRED PLEDGE you left behind,
Who from thy Loins derives his Birth,
Remain by Guardian Saints preſerv'd on Earth,
To rule the World below, and bleſs Mankind;
And when he mounts, a happier Star,
Aloft amidſt th' Ætherial Hoſts to ſhine,
Let him with radiant Glories fair,
For ever join his Filial Beams with thine:

XXII.

See how the Pattern of thy Life he Views,
And the ſame Steps to Glory's Paths purſues:
Reaſon and Love of Publick Good controul,
The Fire that ſwells his boundleſs Soul,
He marks the Paths which faithful Councils ſhow,
And binds with Olive-Wreaths His Brow;
Bids the dire Rage of War and Diſcord ceaſe,
And awes th' obedient World to Peace.

XXIII.

Hail, Sage! whoſe guiding Hands beneath his Reign
With conſtant Care th' Imperial Weight ſuſtain,
Whoſe Thoughts the tow'ring Heights of Science climb,
And fly along the boundleſs Breadths of Time;
While from th' Hiſtoric Stores of *Greece* or *Rome*
You finiſh Plans of Peace for Years to come,

Or mixing with the nobler Dead,
Th' Inſtructive Lives of Elder Sages read,
And ſee what *PHARAMOND* deſign'd,
Or your own Genius form by *Tully*'s Mind;
Let *Britain* to thy Rules Attention lend;
And whilſt to diſtant Coaſts with prudent Care
You drive away the impending Storms of War,
With due Returns of Thanks attend:
Tho' others thro' tempeſtuous Oceans lead,
And to rough Winds the Sails of Empire ſpread,
You guide her on to ſafer Ways,
With gentle Gales thro' calmer Seas,
Whilſt to the firſt, and beſt of Kings,
Honours and tributary Gifts ſhe brings,
To *Britain*'s Sons the Fruits of Peace,
Subjection, Flowing Wealth, and Eaſe;
And, when the reſt in civil Storms are loſt,
Avoids the beating Winds and dang'rous Coaſt.

XXIV.

Thus ſome pond'rous Orb above
Compell'd beyond its radiant Sphere to move,
Confuſion, raging Fires, and Death,
Spreads o'er the rolling Worlds beneath:
With theirs, its own diſaſtrous Fate deplores,
Wreck'd on the Bounds of Stars, and Planetary Shores;

Whilſt ſome bright Globe with conſtant Glory ſhines,
Whom Heav'n a nobler Fate deſigns,
And moving gently o'er its circling Bound,
Diſpenſing forth its genial Fires,
The bord'ring Orbs with quick'ning Heat inſpires,
And ſheds Delight, and Health around.

XXV.

Long, *Walpole*, may'ſt thou live theſe Realms to bleſs,
And with mild Councils fix *Britannia*'s Peace;
But, when you leave theſe frailer Seats,
Sad Scenes of periſhable Things!
And mix'd with Prophets, Patriots, Kings,
Poſſeſs above divine Retreats,
The deathleſs Muſe ſhall *Walpole*'s join
With Brunswick's, Nassau's, *Churchill*'s Name,
Above with fairer Beams to ſhine,
And gild th' Eternal Spheres of Fame.

XXVI.

Vertue defies th' Attacks of Rage,
Nor dreads the ſlow Decays of Time
But bleſt with nobler Strength from Age,
To Heav'n its tow'ring Branches climb,
Whilſt Envy tries to blaſt its Bloom in vain,
And falls repuls'd to Earth again,

Th'

Th' Immortal Growth aſcends robuſt and fair,
The Pride of Earth, and Heav'n's diſtinguiſh'd Care,
To drive the tainted Gales away,
And its freſh Beauties to diſplay,
Seraphs with beaming Glories crown'd,
For ever ſtand upon the foſt'ring Soil,
And watch its blooming Youth with conſtant Toil,
And ſpread their ſhading Wings around.

Errata. Page 18. Line 11. for *Sunny*, read *Fruitful.*

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